

A Valentine

By Warren Clarke

I've often heard of Cupid,
The warlike King of Darts,
The roguish boy, whose chiefest joy
Is picking tender hearts.

To me the tale is stupid,
For many a day and year,
I wandered near Sir Cupid
Without the slightest fear.

'Tis true he had a quiver—
The quivering of his arm,
That seemed more like a shiver
Could such a child do harm?

'Tis not that I am love-lorn,
I know, indeed, Love's joy

But in my heart the joy was born
Sons and of saucy boy.

For when I saw my Phillis,
The light in her sweet eyes
Pierced my heart more swift than darts,
That ever Cupid flies.

Pierced my heart and held me
Thence nevermore to go,
A capture made in rapture,
Ere Cupid strung his bow.

So sound no more his praise
His arrow useless lies,
For Cupid has no power,
So great as Phillis' eyes.

POOLEY'S VALENTINE

THERE was no good reason why the comic valentine should have hurt young Pooley, but it did hurt him, though he hugged the mortification to his bosom with Spartan fortitude and laughed so much at it that no one in the family circle suspected that he did not enjoy it as much as they evidently did.

The points of resemblance between the valentine clerk and Pooley were not striking. Pooley's ears were of normal size, and did not flap from the sides of his head in a manner suggestive of an alarmed elephant, nor was he in the habit of decorating them with quill pens. They would hardly have known a quill pen in the office if they had seen one. Then, he had rather a good nose—long enough to express sagacity, but not so long as to smear the columns of figures in the ledger before him when he was work-

worse than Margaret—not that she had the appearance of awaiting him; in fact, she seemed rather surprised than otherwise to see him, though, of course, it was natural enough that he should be at his own home.

The sister was good-natured, and she went away and left Pooley to entertain Margaret. The talk, somehow, turned on valentines, and she said she had received one that she liked very much indeed. She described it as consisting of violets, lace, ribbons and poetry. The poetry, she thought, was sweet, but she blushed as she said it, and it sounded better than that. Pooley said he had received a valentine, too, and he felt encouraged to say some things about it—and things in general—that put them on exceedingly familiar terms in the course of about five minutes.

"Well," said Pooley, at last, "this is a different Valentine's day to last year's to me. Did you ever see that thing? Do you think it looks like me? I'd like to know what idiot sent it." The last words he spoke in a bitter tone. The pent-up resentment of a



CALLED HIS FRIEND'S ATTENTION TO IT.

ing at his desk, nor was it of a bright crimson color. He did not wear a grass-green coat or red and blue checkered trousers and purple-striped shirt cuffs, and, being a rather modest and well-conducted young man, the charges of snobbish and bump-tuousness in the atrocious doggerel below the valentine seemed singularly flat and inappropriate. But it was true that he was a clerk, and though he had never considered that disgraceful, it somehow seemed to him now to afford ground for the sneer.

At the least, Pooley thought, it showed that somebody disliked him—probably honestly believed that he was snobbish and bump-tuous, so that his maligned ears tingled and he burned with resentment every time the comic valentine met his eye.

That was quite frequently, for he had taken particular pains to have it pinned above his little work table in the sitting-room—just to show how little he cared. When friends came in he was sure to call their attention to it.

In addition to this, Pooley spent much time speculating as to who had sent the thing. He compared the handwriting on the envelope that had contained it with the handwriting of his friends and acquaintances, and came to many conclusions, the result of which was that his friends began to complain among themselves of a certain change in his manner—a lack of the old warmth and frank kindness, and a cold and distrustful air. The evil influence lasted for exactly one year. For some months before the St. Valentine's day following he had been more than slightly under another influence. It had pretty golden hair and blue eyes and its name was Margaret. Margaret was a friend of his sister, and had been to Pooley's house several times.

So it happened that just before St. Valentine's day Pooley spent quite an extravagant sum of money in the purchase of an arrangement of laces, ribbons, violets and amatory verse, which he directed with his gloved left hand, and mailed secretly. On the morning of St. Valentine's day he himself received a modest little card which seemed to give him inordinate delight. His sister noticed it, and wanted to see what his card was, but Pooley firmly refused to gratify her curiosity.

"It's another comic one," declared the sister. "You're afraid to show it." Her remark somehow dashed Pooley's pleasure. He was nervously apprehensive for the rest of the time that he was in the house. He started at the sound of the postman's second knock, and felt an unaccountable sinking of his spirits when he returned home that evening.

It was a pleasant surprise to him, therefore, when he found nothing

year was in his voice. Then he looked down at his new valentine. She was white, and looked shocked and frightened.

"What is it, Margaret?" asked Pooley, with much concern. "Oh!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it was I sent that horrid thing. I—I didn't know you then—and—and it—we were sending a lot of them—the girls—and—anyway, I know it was silly, but I didn't think it would hurt anybody's feelings—and to think that it was you! Oh, I'm so unhappy, and I'll never—"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Pooley. "You don't think I minded! Why, I thought it was a good joke—but it's a better one this year."

Then he took down the comic valentine and gazed fondly on the atrocious clerk, then folded it up tenderly and put it into his breast pocket.—Chicago Daily News.

St. Valentine's Day.

The 14th of February is observed in commemoration of St. Valentinus, a bishop of Rome noted for deeds of kindness and beneficence. Shakespeare refers to the day as one on which birds choose their mates. From whatever source the day derived its origin, it appears that sending friendly or sentimental messages on the 14th of February is an ancient time-honored usage. It is a pleasant and harmless diversion, if not abused.

Girlish Confidences.

"You told Charley Chubbins you thought he sent that beautiful valentine!"

"Yes, Charley is a very nice young man, with good prospects."

"But you know well enough that he didn't send it."

"Of course. But it didn't do any harm to let him know that I shouldn't have been a bit angry if he had."—Washington Star.

Papa Kicked Him.

Tessie—Papa got an awful valentine—that said he was an old mule—and he thinks you sent it.

Willie—Why, I don't see how he can suspect me.

Tessie—But surely you remember how he helped you off the front steps the last time you called!—Detroit Free Press.

Feminine Comment.

Bess—The sending of valentines enables us to secretly reward our friends and get square with our enemies.

Neil—Sure thing. It's a poor valentine that fails to either please a woman or make her mad.—Chicago Daily News.

To an Old Sweetheart.

'Tis time for valentines, my dear; You jilted me, I think, last year, And I should now revive the flame, But, goodness, I've forgot your name.—Detroit Free Press.

AND HE GOT IT.

But It Proved To Be Something He Didn't Care to Hold Very Long.

An indulgent mother of the Tuxedo colony was traveling on a local train one day in company with her three-year-old son, his nursemaid, and a copy of a society magazine which absorbed her attention, relates the New York Times. The son was occupying the seat behind her with his attendant, who attempted every once in awhile to curb his restless and rebellious spirit by a gentle denial of his latest whim, but each time the mother, noticing only that some argument was in progress, and without looking up from her book, would remark: "Let him have it."

The nursemaid thereupon would yield to this double demand. Finally a strong and rather venomous looking wasp flew against the window pane, and the youthful hunter reached out to grasp it, and waited dejectedly when he was once more restrained by the watchful caretaker. Again the fond mother, without raising her eyes, exclaimed: "Oh, do let him have it!"

And the howl which followed the nurse's compliance caused an amused smile to pass around the car.

FOOTWORK ON THE PIANO.

"First Steps in Music" by a Youthful Artist with Too Much Pedal.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," is not himself a musician, but his ear is delicate and sensitive, and nothing annoys him more than to hear bad singing or bad playing says the New York Tribune.

He was visiting a cousin of his in London, and this cousin has a son, a boy of 12 or 13, who practices on the piano every morning. The muscular lad, banging false notes from the instrument with tremendous vigor, tried Mr. Bingham not a little.

"What on earth are you playing there, Jimmy?" the song writer called from the next room one morning.

"An exercise from 'First Steps in Music,'" the boy answered.

"I knew you were playing with your feet," said Mr. Bingham, "but would you mind stepping a little lighter on the keys?"

Gratitude Well Expressed.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Feb. 8th.—Mr. C. L. Smith, painter and decorator, whose home is at 309 Anne street, this city, makes the following statement:

"I was laid up with some kind of pains. Some said it was la grippe, others Sciatica and others again Rheumatism. A few of my friends suggested that it was lead poison, but whatever it was it gave me a great deal of pain, in fact, almost completely crippled me. I had to use two crutches to get about, and even then it was a very painful task.

"A friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I began the treatment. After I had used the first box I was able to throw away one of the crutches and was considerably improved. The second box straightened me up so that I could go about free from pain without any assistance and very soon after I was completely cured, well and happy, without a pain in my back. Dodd's Kidney Pills seemed to go right to the spot in my case and they will always have my greatest praise."

Willing to Take a Chance.

A pious citizen has a 15-year-old son who does not promise to be exactly "a chip off the old block." Not long ago the father discovered to his sorrow that his boy and several others of the neighborhood had a habit of matching nickels. The wrathful parent tied the erring lad to the time-honored attic, where hangs a certain strap. The boy didn't have any, agreeable impression of what was to come, and, on the ground that it is only the first plunge that counts, he called out: "Say, dad! I'll go you heads or tails for two lickings or none!"—Chicago Chronicle.

PILL TRADE MARK IMITATED.

Druggist and Clerk Are Held in Jail for Counter.

Charged with infringing upon the trademark of Carter's Little Liver Pill Company, Joseph T. Griffith, a druggist at the southeast corner of Eleventh and Vine streets, was held in \$500 bail for Court this afternoon by Magistrate Jermon, and at the same time Griffith's clerk, Joseph C. Fore, was held in \$300 bail for Court on the same charge, and also for selling certain articles the sale of which is prohibited by law.

The men were arrested this morning upon warrants issued by Magistrate Jermon at the instance of Brent Good, No. 130 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, and Charles C. Orcutt, No. 12 Juncal Terrace, New York, representatives of the Carter Company. They stated that the latter had spent \$3,000,000 in advertising and getting their label known, and did not purpose to permit others to reap the benefit.

The label in question is a small one containing a large letter L, and the one used by Griffith is an exact copy, except that it does not contain Carter's name. The prosecution showed how easily the imitation product could be palmed off on the would-be purchaser of Carter's pills, owing to the similarity of the labels, and held that it was evidence of a deliberate attempt to deceive.—Philadelphia Telegraph, Jan. 27, 1904.

Clean Sweep.

Sister Lillian—Well, Bob, how's the rival football team shaping up?

Brother Bob—Aw, say, Lil, they're a lot of rags. We got up a scrub eleven and wiped the floor with them.—Judge.

Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass.

The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons per acre and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre. [K. L.]

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"What is the difference between the northern and southern shores of Long Island?" asked a young man near the sea and on the other you see the Sound."—Princeton Tiger.

Carrie—"Do you think a woman is justified in marrying a man she doesn't know?" Aunt Anne—"She certainly wouldn't be justified in marrying a man she did know."—Boston Transcript.

Stops the Cough.

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age, but my opinion is that that every age is the same.—Goldsmith.

Pisto's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

If time is money, it may be doubted if a castle in the air is apt to be worth the cost of construction.—Puck.

Dyeing is as easy as washing when Putnam Fadeless Dyes are used.

To pay compliments is much easier than to pay debts.—Chicago Daily News.

CAUGHT BY THE GRIP.
RELEASED BY PE-RU-NA.

"The world of medicine recognizes Grip as epidemic catarrh."—Medical Talk.

LA GRIPPE is epidemic catarrh. It spares no class or nationality. The cultured and the ignorant, the aristocrat and the pauper, the masses and the classes are alike subject to la grippe. None are exempt—all are liable.

Have you the grip? Or, rather, has the grip got you? Grip is well named. The original French term, la grippe, has been shortened by the busy American to read "grip." Without intending to do so a new word has been coined that exactly describes the case. As if some hideous giant with awful Grip had clutched us in its fatal clasp. Men, women, and children, whole towns and cities are caught in the baneful grip of a terrible monster.

The following letters speak for themselves as to the efficacy of Peruna in cases of la grippe or its after effects.

After Effects of La Grippe Eradicated by Peruna.

Mrs. Fred Weinberger, Westerly, Albany County, N. Y., writes:

"Several years ago I had an attack of la grippe which left my nerves in a prostrated condition. Then I had another attack of la grippe which left me worse. I had tried three good physicians but all in vain. I gave Peruna a trial. In a short time I was feeling better and now I am as well as anyone."—Mrs. Fred Weinberger.

Hon. James R. Guill of Omaha.

Hon. James R. Guill is one of the oldest and most esteemed men of Omaha.

Quite Another Matter.

Uncle George—Instead of wearing diamonds, don't you think it would be more becoming to pay your tailor's bills?

Harry—But if I paid my tailor's bills how could I afford to wear diamonds? And if people didn't buy diamonds what would keep the diamond merchants from starving to death?

"But you don't pay for your diamonds, either." "Ah! now you are wandering from the point."—London Tit-Bits.

Are You Going to Florida?

Winter Tourist Tickets are now on sale via Queen & Crescent Route, Southern Railway, and connecting lines to points, South, Southeast and Southwest, good returning until May 31, 1904.

Tickets can be purchased going to Florida via Lookout Mountain and Atlanta, and returning via Asheville and the Land of the Sky, giving a variable route. For information address, W. C. Rinearsen, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Rather Lively.

Tingaling—Hello, old chap! Haven't seen you for some time. How's business? Joggalong—On the jump. I've got three frog farms in Missouri.—Chicago Daily News.

"I don't take any stock in these trusts, anyway." "Don't believe there are such things." "Oh, yes; but I haven't the money to buy the stock."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

"I am doing my best to convince George that I am economical." "What have you done?" "I have worn the same dress twice."—New Yorker.

"Have any trouble with your pipes freezing?" "No; they freeze all right; the trouble comes after they thaw out."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Waste no time skinning flints or splitting hairs.—Farm Journal.

A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John La Rue, of 115 Paterson Ave., Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered no one will ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the backache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head, and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all druggists. 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Neb. He has done much to make it what it is, serving on public boards a number of times. He endorses Peruna in the following words:

"I am 68 years old, am hale and hearty, and Peruna has helped me attain it. Two years ago I had la grippe—my life was despaired of. Peruna saved me."—J. R. Guill.

A Relative of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Silas S. Lincoln, who resides at 913 I. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has the honor of being third cousin to Abraham Lincoln. He writes:

"I had la grippe five times before using your medicine. Four years ago I began the use of Peruna, since which time I have not been troubled with that disease. I can now do as much work at my desk as I ever could in my life. I have gained more than ten pounds in weight."—S. S. Lincoln.

Pe-ru-na Not Only Cured La Grippe but Benefited the Whole System.

Miss Alice M. Dressler, 1313 N. Bryant Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"Last spring I suffered from la grippe and was partially cured, but the bad after effects remained through the summer and somehow I did not get strong as I was before. One of my college friends who was visiting me asked me to try Peruna and I did so and found it all more and more than I had expected. It not only cured me of the catarrh but restored me to perfect health, built up the entire system and brought a happy feeling of buoyancy which I had not known for years."—Alice M. Dressler.

An Actress' Testimonial.

Miss Jean Cowgill, Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., is the leading lady with the Aubrey Stock Co. She writes the following:

"During the past winter of 1901, I suffered for several weeks from a severe attack of grippe, which left a serious catarrhal condition of the throat and head."

"Some one suggested Peruna. As a last resort, after wasting much time and money on physicians, I tried the remedy faithfully, and in a few weeks was as well as ever."—Jean Cowgill.

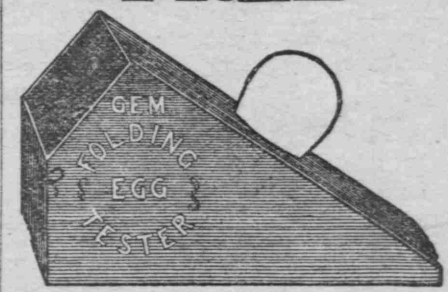
A Southern Judge Cured.

Judge Horatio J. Goss, Hartwell, Ga., writes:

"Some five or six years ago I had a very severe spell of grippe, which left me with systemic catarrh. A friend advised me to try your Peruna which I did, and was immediately benefited and cured. The third bottle completed the cure."—H. J. Goss.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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Salzer's Teosinte. Salzer's Teosinte produces 718 rich, juicy, sweet, leafy stalks from one kernel of seed, 14 feet high in 90 days; yielding fully 80 tons of green fodder per acre, doing well everywhere, East, West, South or North.

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